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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

CALLAN

"NICE PEOPLE DIE AT HOME"

by

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CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
MERES
LONELY

MARSHALL
NADIA
BELUKOV
CHELENKO
ROSS
DOCTOR

SETS

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE AND TARGET RANGE
INT. PET SHOP AND BACKSHOP
INT. PUB (CORNER TABLE)
INT. BEDROOM
INT. EMBASSY ROOM
INT. UNDERGROUND LIFT.

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FADE IN

1. EXT. STREET. DAY.

CLOSE ON A DACHSHUND WADDLING ALONG THE PAVEMENT, ONE OF ITS HIND LEGS BANDAGED. LEADING THE DOG IS ERIC MARSHALL, A MAN ABOUT FIFTY IN A SHOP-KEEPER'S OVERALL WE SEE HIM GREET SEVERAL OTHER TRADERS AND THEN ENTER HIS OWN PET SHOP, WHICH HAS THE USUAL ARRAY OF HUTCHES AND EMPTY BIRD-CAGES OUTSIDE. THERE IS ALSO A PLASTER PANDA WITH A COLLECTION BOX AROUND ITS NECK. FOR THE RSPCA.

2. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA MARSHALL LOOKS UP AS HER FATHER ENTERS. SHE IS A SLIM, RATHER SEVERE-LOOKING GIRL IN HER LATE TWENTIES, ALSO DRESSED IN AN OVERALL. SHE IS SPONGING THE SHELL OF A TORTOISE.

NADIA: How is he?

MARSHALL: Much better, even if he still finds it a bit tricky at lamp-posts.

NADIA: Father

TEEY BOTH TALK WITH VERY SLIGHT ACCENTS. SMILING. NADIA REPLACES THE TORTOISE AND MAKES FOR THE BACKSHOP. MARSHALL GENTLY PUTS THE DOG IN ITS KENNEL.

MARSHALL: There we are, my little sausage.

AS HE TURNS HE GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW - TENSES AS SOMETHING CATCHES HIS ATTENTION.

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3. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY.

A MAN HAS STOPPED OUTSIDE THE SHOP WITH A SMALL BOY, WHO IS PUTTING COPPERS IN THE PANDA COLLECTION BOX. THE BOY MAKES A MOVE TO COME INTO THE SHOP, BUT THE MAN PULLS HIM AWAY, AND THEY WALK OFF ALONG THE PAVEMENT.

4. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

CLOSE ON MARSHALL, FROWNING .

NADIA'S VOICE: (O.S.) Coffee's ready.

MARSHALL: All right, I'm coming.

FOR A MOMENT HE HESITATES, THEN OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUT OF THE SHOP. CAMERA PANS BACK TO NADIA HOLDING TWO CUPS. SHE REACTS AS SHE SEES WHAT HER FATHER IS DOING. MARSHALL REAPPEARS WITH THE PANDA, LOCKS THE DOOR AND TURNS THE SIGN TO "CLOSED". HE BRINGS THE PANDA FURTHER BACK INTO THE SHOP SO THAT NOTHING CAN BE SEEN FROM THE STREET. THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK, THEN MARSHALL OPENS THE COLLECTION BOX WITH A KEY. INSIDE, AS WELL AS COPPERS, ARE SEVERAL SLIPS OF PAPER. AS HE TAKES THEM OUT, MARSHALL'S SHOULDERS SEEM TO SAG A LITTLE.

MARSHALL: What time is it?

NADIA: Ten thirty. And it's the second Tuesday in the month.

MARSHALL: I know. Better do it now.

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HE TURNS TO A SHELF ON WHICH THERE ARE TWO MICE CAGES, ONE EMPTY. AS HE REACHES FOR THE CAGE WITH THE MICE IN IT, NADIA JOINS HIM.

NADIA: Let me lift that.

MARSHALL: I can manage. Bring the other cage.

5. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

A SMALL KITCHEN LIVING ROOM. DIVAN BED IN CORNER. MARSHALL CARRIES THE FIRST MICE CAGE, WHICH SEEMS STRANGELY HEAVY, TO A TABLE AND LAYS IT DOWN. NADIA PUTS THE EMPTY ONE BESIDE IT, AND AS THEY TALK THE MICE ARE TRANSFERRED FROM ONE CAGE TO THE OTHER.

MARSHALL: I was hoping they'd leave us alone.

NADIA: It'll soon be someone else's turn.

MARSHALL: Yes. And that's the moment when one feels most nervous. Don't you feel nervous?

NADIA: I'll be glad when it's over, that's all. For your sake.

MARSHALL HAS REMOVED THE SOILED TRAY FROM THE BASE OF THE FIRST CAGE. AS HE REACHES INTO THE BASE CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE TO REVEAL A SLEEK, POWERFUL-LOOKING RADIO TRANSMITTER IN ITS MOUNTING.

OPENING CREDITS.

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6. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

ON A CHAIR BESIDE HUNTER'S DESK SITS A PUGGY LOOKING DOG. HUNTER FEEDS IT A BISCUIT. SHOW CALLAN, BORED.

CALLAN: Dogs do resemble their masters. I'll bet Meres has to keep his chained up.

HUNTER: You aren't fond of animals, Callan?

CALLAN: Mostly I like 'em better than people.

HUNTER: (FONDLING DOG) Bought this chap this morning. Birthday present for my youngest. I was hoping we were going to have a cordial meal.

CALLAN: I was hoping we were going to have a meal. (LOOKS POINTEDLY AT HIS WATCH) It's one-fifty.

HUNTER FLIPS HIS INTERCOM, SPEAKS INTO IT.

HUNTER: Sandwiches and coffee.

CALLAN: You never did spend your expenses.

NIBBLING A DOG BISCUIT, HUNTER CROSSES TO A PROJECTOR.

HUNTER: A working lunch. Just the same, I think I can serve up something hard to resist. Not quite on a plate, of course...

CALLAN'S VOICE: (SOV) Come on, Hunter. Skip the commercial, and get to it. I want the pleasure of spitting it out in your face.

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HUNTER PROJECTS A PICTURE OF THE PET SHOP. CALLAN PAUSES ON HIS WAY OUT.

HUNTER: Marshall's Pet Shop, Shepherd's Bush.

CALLAN: Where you went to see a man about a pug?

HUNTER: This man (PROJECTS PICTURE) Eric Marshall, aged fifty-two, resident in Britai for four years. Popular in his neigbourhood Real name...Mareschke...Real occupation..spy

NOW HUNTER PUTS UP A PICTURE OF NADIA.

HUNTER: His daughter, Nadia. She's also trained in espionage. The pet shop's a little more than a sub post-office. We've known about it for over six months.

CALLAN: You haven't bothered to pick them up, so you've been making use of them.

HUNTER: (NODS) Planted the odd false titbit which they've unwittingly passed on. The Marshalls are really no more than the clerks of their "ring" - radioing at prearranged times, reducing stuff to microdots, deliveri to dead letter boxes around London.

CALLAN: Just the sort of cushy number I use to fancy sometimes.

HUNTER: You're too special, Callan.

CALLAN: Wrong tense. I was. I'm out of the game, remember?

HUNTER: Which increases your usefulness.

CUT TO:

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7. INT. TARGET RANGE. DAY.

VERY CLOSE ON ROSS, WHOSE FACE FILLS THE SCREEN, COVERED WITH SWEAT. THERE IS A ROAR OF GUNSHOT.

MERES' VOICE: (O.S.) Once again. Your name?

ROSS: Ross.

ANOTHER SHOT CRASHES OUT.

MERES'S VOICE: (O.S.) Roscovitch, Get it right.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW ROSS IS SEATED IN A CHAIR AT THE TARGET END, HIS ARMS PINNED BEHIND HIS BACK BY A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS ATTACHED TO A METAL BAR. ON A NEARBY TABLE IS A SUITCASE, THE CONTENTS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN LAID OUT ALONG WITH ROSS'S JACKET AND OTHER PERSONAL EFFECTS. MERES RELOADS A REVOLVER AT THE AIMING POINT, VISIBLY ENJOYING HIMSELF.

MERES: You'll spoil my aim. You wouldn't want that, would you? So why not be sensible, and talk?

ROSS: I tell you, you must have got the wrong man at the airport. It's ridiculous to suggest I'm a spy.

HE SPEAKS WITH A STIFF, CORRECT ENGLISH ACCENT.

MERES: Really? (TAKES AIM) Let's see... a magpie at three o'clock. That should be just past your left ear. Jolly good ac cent you have, by the way.

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ROSS KEEPS HIS HEAD PAINFULLY STILL AS MERES FIRES AGAIN. AS THE BULLET MISSES HIM, HE SAGS WITH RELIEF.

ROSS: This is a nightmare.

MERES: Isn't it.

ROSS: I never thought it would happen in this country.

MERES: Frightfully bad taste to welcome you like this, I agree. But we do need information from you rather urgently. Just a spot of in-filling, like code names and so on.

ROSS: You've got my passport. I'm as English as you are.

MERES:(LAYS GUN DOWN) Look, you and I, Roscovitch, we're in the same business. I admire your nerve. I don't want to break it. F ce up to it - you've joined the hole-in-one club. Straight into our hands.

ROSS STARES AT THE GOLF CLUB. NOW MERES+ BRINGS OUT A BOX OF BALLS.

ROSS: What's that for?

MERES: Do you play golf?

ROSS: No.

MERES: My favourite game. Seldom get the chance these days, but I like to keep in trim. Don't tell my chief, but I use this place for practice swings. Ideal. You can blast the ball end to end. Hard as you like.

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MERES PLACES A BALL ON AN INDOOR PRACTICE TEE. PREPARES HIS STANCE TO DRIVE. SHOW ROSS'S EXPRESSION. THEN MERES DRIVES WITH A VICIOUS WHOOSH. HOLD ON HIM.

MERES: Sliced a bit, there.

CUT TO:

8. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS SHOWING PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARSHALL HANDLING SEVERAL RATHER WILD-LOOKING ABSTRACTS ON RAILINGS AT ONE OF LONDON'S "PAVEMENT" GALLERIES.

HUNTER: We believe that's one of their hand-over methods. Easy to fix microdot to one of those splodges. Then someone comes along and buys the painting.

CALLAN IS TRYING A SANDWICH FROM A PLATE ON THE DESK.

CALLAN: Your home movies bore me, Hunter. (CHUCKS SANDWICH IN BASKET) So do your sandwiches.

HE STARTS TO LEAVE.

HUNTER: Wait.....

CALLAN: You don't need me. The Marshalls are for your routine berks.

HUNTER: They were merely a side dish. (BEAT) This is the one we want.

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH IS PROJECTED. AT THE DOOR CALLAN TURNS, REACTS. THE PICTURE IS OF A MAN ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS CALLAN. HIS NAME IS BELUKOV. HE IS SLAV IN APPEARANC

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DARK, HANDSOME, INA TOUGH, VICIOUS WAY. THE SIGHT OF HIM HAS A PROFOUND EFFECT ON CALLAN, WHO WALKS SLOWLY BACK TO GAZE AT HIM.

CALLAN: Belukov?

HUNTER: His name always makes me think of caviare.

CALLAN: I wish you'd shut up about your stomach (BEAT) What's Belukov got to do with this? He's in the Middle East.

HUNTER: ~~He was. Until~~ he caught a virus. Now he's only fit for more temperate areas. ~~Recently we discovered he's in~~ London.

CALLAN CONTINUES TO STARE AT THE PICTURE. HE SEEMS ALMOST TO BE SWEATING WITH REMEMBERED HATRED.

CALLAN: Where?

HUNTER:(WITH SATISFACTION) That's just the sort of look I'd hoped to see on your face.

HUNTER MOVES UP CLOSE TO CALLAN.

HUNTER: Beirut, wasn't it? I seem to remember you were very fond of her? She leaned forward to kiss you, at a table on the Excelsior terrace, and got a bullet in the back. Belukov meant it for you.

CALLAN:(HARSHLY) ~~I asked you,~~ where is he?

HUNTER: In their Embassy.

CALLAN: With diplomatic cover?

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HUNTER: He looks after several spy rings in this country - as a sort of network controller. So far as we can gather he never puts a foot outside the Embassy building.

CALLAN: He will. ~~He isn't the type to rust his rear off at a desk.~~

CAMERA CATCHES HUNTER'S EXPRESSION AS HE IS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN AT HIS OWN DESK.

~~HUNTER: I'm inclined to agree.~~ Sooner or later he's bound to come out (BEAT) I want him sooner.

CALLAN: ~~Without C.D. plates on?~~

HUNTER: Naturally, ~~It's got to be a good, clean job.~~ (SHRUGS) In the back, if you prefer a certain poetry.

CALLAN: You've got it 'made' this time, haven't you. You know I'll do it. ~~You know I have to.~~

HUNTER: (CLAPS HIM ON BACK) It's a pleasant change, Callan, not having to force you into something.

CALLAN: You're ~~forgetting one thing.~~ Belukov has to be drawn out ~~into the open.~~

HUNTER: That's why I showed you the pet shop. Marshall and his daughter are being recalled. And replaced.

CUT TO:

9. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

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A MOBILE "DARKROOM" HAS BEEN SET UP AT THE SINK. MARSHALL IS PEERING THROUGH A MICROSCOPE RESTING ON A TOP SURFACE NEARBY. INSERT: PART OF A TYPED DOCUMENT, MAGNIFIED FROM A MICRODOT. MARSHALL STRAIGHTENS, SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT. FOR A MOMENT HE RUBS HIS EYES, THEN HE TRANSFERS THE DOT WITH A PAIR OF TWEEZERS TO A ROW OF SIMILAR DOTS IN THE FLIP-TOP OF A CIGARETTE PACKET. BEFORE CLOSING THE PACKET HE TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE, LIGHTS IT. HE GLANCES WORRIEDLY AT THE CLOCK, WHICH SAYS FIVE PAST SEVEN, GOES OVER TO THE PHONE, DIALS.

MARSHALL:(INTO PHONE) Flight Enquiries? I'd like to check on a passenger, a Mr. John Ross, who was arriving today from Johannesburg. Yes, Ross. (HE WAITS) Yes? (SURPRISED) He has...? Flight 3058. What time did it arrive? At noon. I see. Thank you.

HE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE, FROWNS AT THE CLOCK. STUBBING OUT THE CIGARETTE HE CROSSES TO A TALL REFRIGERATOR, HAULS IT OUT FROM THE WALL WITH SOME DIFFICULTY. HE OPENS THE BACK AND STARTS TO PUT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT INTO A SPECIALLY MADE COMPARTMENT BESIDE THE MOTOR. HE HAS PACKED HALF THE THINGS AWAY WHEN THE DOORBELL SOUNDS. HASTILY HE PUSHES THE FRIDGE BACK INTO PLACE, THROWS A CLOTH OVER THE ITEMS STILL ON THE SINK.

10. INT. PET SHOP. NIGHT.

MARSHALL COMES OUT OF THE BACKSHOP, SWITCHING ON THE LIGHT, GOES TO THE DOOR. THE BLIND IS DOWN. HE LIFTS IT UP AND SEES IT IS NADIA. HE LETS HER IN.

MARSHALL: You forgot to give the usual ring.

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NADIA: Sorry.

HE RELOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

MARSHALL: Don't get careless because we're going back.

NADIA: You're in a bad temper.

MARSHALL: A little worried, that's all.

NADIA: Why?

MARSHALL: It's after seven, and there's still no sign of Roscovitch.

NADIA: Perhaps he's been delayed.

AS THEY WALK BACK THROUGH THE SHOP MARSHALL TAKES A TIN OF FOOD TO FEED FISH IN A TANK.

MARSHALL: He was on the plane that arrived at noon. I phoned up to check.

NADIA: Oh, well, he's probably taking the first look at London. He may have had some special call to make.

MARSHALL: In that case Belukov should have let us know.

HE GIVES AN EXCLAMATION OF ANNOYANCE AS HE ACCIDENTALLY DROPS THE SMALL FISH-FOOD TIN INTO THE TANK. NADIA LOOKS CLOSELY AT HIM.

NADIA: Are you feeling dizzy again?

MARSHALL: I've been processing.

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NADIA: You should have let me make those dots. You know what your eyes are like.

AS HE GOES INTO THE BACKSHOP NADIA FISHES OUT THE TIN. HOLD ON HER WORRIED EXPRESSION AS SHE GAZES AFTER HIM.

11. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

MARSHALL CROSSES TO THE SINK AND REMOVES THE CLOTH FROM THE EQUIPMENT HE HAS LEFT THERE. AS HE DISMANTLES THE MICROSCOPE NADIA COMES IN, TAKING AN ENVELOPE FROM HER HANDBAG.

MARSHALL: What's that?

NADIA:(OPENING IT) Travel brochures. I got them locally - for appearance. Which way would you like to go? Scandanavia... Austria...Turkey?

MARSHALL: It's up to Belukov's secretariat.

NADIA: Personally I'd love a glimpse of Istanbul I've heard it's fabulous. Night clubs, and sizzling shish-kebabs...

HE LOOKS ACROSS AT HER FONDLY.

MARSHALL: You know. I like to hear you sound like a girl of your age should.

SHE COMES AND GIVES HIM A KISS.

NADIA: I'm going to give you a vodka. (LIGHTLY, MIMICKING ADVERTISING) The drink of spies, everywhere....

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CAMERA HAS FOLLOWED HER OVER TO A CUPBOARD AS SHE GETS OUT THE BOTTLE. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A CHAIR BEING KNOCKED OVER. NADIA TURNS, ALARMED. HER FATHER, ATTEMPTING TO MOVE THE REFRIGERATOR ONCE MORE, HAS STUMBLED AGAINST THE CHAIR. HE SWEARS IN RUSSIAN. SHE HURRIES OVER.

NADIA: Father, you shouldn't be trying to move that.

CUT TO:

12. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE, NIGHT.

CLOSE ON ROSS IN A CHAIR, UNSHAVEN, RATHER THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

MERES' VOICE: Get up!

PULL BACK AS ROSS GETS SLOWLY, SULLENLY TO HIS FEET. SHOW HUNTER AND MERES.

ROSS: Your man takes an unhealthy pleasure in his work.

HUNTER RAISES A HAND TO CUT HIM SHORT.

HUNTER: ~~The important thing is you achieved a rapport with our foreign colleague.~~ (BEAT) Is this all you're prepared to ~~furnish~~ us ~~with~~?

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ROSS REMAINS SILENT.

MERES: I could take him back in there, and -

HUNTER: (OVER) There isn't time. Marshall knows of his arrival - he phoned London Airport half an hour ago. (TO ROSS) All round, you didn't stand much of a chance.

ROSS: I didn't, did I?

HUNTER: However, we aren't complete spoil-sports. I'll reach ~~your~~ destination - even if ~~you're~~ a little late, ~~and not quite word-perfect.~~

CUT TO:

13. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

CALLAN IS HAVING A MEAL WITH MARSHALL AND NADIA, WHO OCCASIONALLY LEAVES THE TABLE TO SERVE. MARSHALL POURS ANOTHER DRINK, RAISES HIS GLASS.

MARSHALL: Prosit.

CALLAN: Cheers.

NADIA: That's about the sixth toast, you two!

NADIA LOOKS AT HIM STRANGELY.

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NADIA: You're certainly a quick learner, Mr. Ross. It's hard to believe you only just got here.

NADIA: The accent's perfect.

CALLAN: I studied it closely, from a defector . A British corporal who hopped it over the Berlin Wall.

MARSHALL: I thought you were in Copenhagen?

CALLAN: Had a month unattached before coming here.

MARSHALL: Ah. By the way, I meant to ask you about dear old Peter Keflik. How is he? We trained together a long time ago.

CALLAN: He's fine.

MARSHALL: Does he still have the house in Klampenborg?

CALLAN: I believe so.

AT THAT MOMENT NADIE RETURNS TO THE TABLE WITH A DISH OF FOOD, SHE HOLDS IT OUT TO CALLAN AND TALKS TO HIM IN A FOREIGN TONGUE.

NADIA: Piroi, piroi taschkiv mabullion ne ka?

CLOSE ON CALLAN, UNABLE TO ANSWER. HIS FACE REMAINS IMPASSIVE. THERE IS A HEAVY PAUSE.

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MARSHALL: (TO NADIA) Kirosh piroiappani nevkov...niet?

NADIA: (TO CALLAN) Vayna yov?

CALLAN: I'm sure it's just like my old Mum used to bake. But I couldn't eat another thing. Also, I make it a rule to speak only the language of the country I'm in.

MARSHALL: You're quite right. It was our rule, too. But we've been here too long, Nadia and I. Lately we've grown a bit homesick.

NADIA: You'll unsettle him before he's even begun.

MARSHALL: You'll like it here. Most people are kind. All that information we put through. Politics. I've often wanted to send just a simple, unsecret report on my neighbours. I don't like spying any more.

NADIA LOOKS WORRIED BY THIS CONFESSION.

NADIA: Father....

MARSHALL: Neither do you. If you ever did enjoy it.

NADIA: (TO CALLAN) You can tell he's ready for retirement! He wouldn't have dared risk saying such things a few years ago.

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CALLAN: Don't worry. I'm not Belukov.

MARSHALL: The ringmaster. ~~You've heard~~ he's inclined to be....rigid?

NADIA: And ruthless. He lives up to his code-name. By which we should be calling him, even here.

MARSHALL: You know him personally?

CALLAN: ~~We crossed paths a few years ago.~~ (BEAT) I'm looking forward to meeting him again.

NADIA: (SURPRISED) Meeting him?

CALLAN: Yes.

MARSHALL: (HE FROWNS) Surely you know the system? I'm sorry I could...

~~CALLAN: In Copenhagen we used to -~~

~~MARSHALL: (OVER) But they must have explained that here in England.~~

CALLAN: (SWIFTLY INTERJECTING) Nobody meets face to face?

MARSHALL: It's been a strict policy since those two rings were broken some years ago.

CALLAN: I'd have thought that Belukov might make direct contact now and then.

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NADIA: Never with us.

MARSHALL: He may rendezvous with others, of course. We're small-fry. (THEN) Another drink?

CALLAN: No, thanks.

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, GETS TO HIS FEET, SHAKING HANDS WITH MARSHALL.

CALLAN: You can start briefing me about more important things tomorrow. Right now I'm flogged. (TO NADIA) Correct usage?

LAUGHING, SHE LEADS HIM OUT.

14. INT. PET SHOP. NIGHT.

AS THEY PASS THROUGH, CALLAN COLLECTING HIS SUITCASE.

NADIA: You can also say 'whacked', or 'all in'.

CALLAN: I'll remember.

NADIA: I've fixed you a room at the pub across the street. I'll take you over.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE FOLLOWS HER OUT.

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CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) These people are ~~getting under my skin. They're~~ too damn nice. Makes you forget what business they're in.

CUT TO:

15. INT. BACK SHOP. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON MARSHALL AT THE PHONE.

MARSHALL: (INTO PHONE) Mr. Prospect? Marshall's Pet Shop here, sir. It's about your order from abroad. Yes... arrived safely. Take a few days to get used to the change, then I think he ought to be ready for you. A pleasure, Sir.

HOLD ON HIM FOR A MOMENT AS HE HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

16. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. NIGHT.

BELUKOV. HE IS IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, SEATED AT A DESK. CHELENKO, HIS ASSISTANT, IS WALKING ACROSS TO THE DESK, HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER.

CHELENKO: Roscovitch.

BELUKOV: Is he here?

CHELENKO: Yes, Colonel.

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BELUKOV: (TAKES PAPER) Thank you, Chelenko. That makes my day.

CHELENKO: Yes, sir.

BELUKOV TOSSES DOWN THE PAPER AND RISES ENERGETICALLY FROM THE DESK. HE GIVES A SIGH, BRINGS OUT A VODKA BOTTLE AND POURS HIMSELF A STIFF DRINK.

BELUKOV: You know why, Chelenko? Because if this message hadn't come through, nothing would have happened today. Nothing (HE DRINKS) For over fourteen hours I've toiled at that desk.

CHELENKO: Yes, sir.

BELUKOV: Doing what? Sums about the money this department spends. A list of changed code-names. An inventory of obsolete signal equipment and a letter to my predecessor about a pair of boots he left in a cupboard - and I only wrote that because he's gone up a rank. Drink?

CHELENKO: No, thank you, sir.

BELUKOV: I used to be an agent, in the field. I used to leave bumph to someone else. Now I'm strangled by it. Cooped up in this dreary office. And I drink too much.

CHELENKO: Yes, sir.

BELUKOV BANGS HIS HAND ON THE DESK ANGRILY.

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BELUKOV: No, sir! When I say that, I expect an encouraging 'No, sir'.

CHELENKO: Yes, sir.

BELUKOV: (AS MAN GOES) No, wait. The file on Mareschke and his daughter?

CHELENKO COMES BACK, POINTING TO A FILE ON THE DESK.

CHELENKO: On your desk, sir.

BELUKOV GOES ROUND AND WEARILY SITS DOWN TO STUDY THE FILE, WHICH HAS PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARSHALL AND NADIA.

BELUKOV: (THEN) She's a pretty girl, the daughter. Beirut was awash in pretty girls. (BEAT) When do she and her father leave?

CHELENKO: They're due to go next week, sir.

BELUKOV HANDS OVER THE FILE

BELUKOV: All right, leave instructions for them in the usual place. Cheap tourist holiday, the kind they could afford. Then they hire a car for the day. You know the rest.....

CUT TO:

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17. INT. PUB. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND NADIA AT A TABLE WITH DRINKS. HIS SUITCASE LIES ON A CHAIR.

CALLAN: An accident?

NADIA: Shortly after we're abroad.

CALLAN: Fatal?

NADIA: Naturally. Followed by one of those photographs in the English papers.

CALLAN: "Father and daughter in holiday tragedy"?

NADIA: (NODS) It's the sort of cover story that makes me shiver. Especially when-

SHE BREAKS OFF, DOESN'T FINISH THE SENTENCE.

CALLAN: Especially when....what?

NADIA: Nothing. Forget it,please.

SHE DRINKS, CALLAN FOLLOWS SUIT.

NADIA LIFTS HER HANDBAG, SLIGHTLY FLUSTERED, PREPARED TO LEAVE.

NADIA: I'd better be getting back. Tomorrow you can start helping in the pet shop, and I'll take you on a tour of our "post boxes".

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CALLAN: I'll come across when you open up shop.

NADIA: Goodnight.. cousin. I hope your room is comfortable.

CALLAN: I'm sure I'll find it just like home.

SHE GOES OUT OF SHOT. CALLAN FINISHES HIS DRINK, LIFTS HIS SUITCASE, AND STARTS TO GO UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

18. INT. PUB BEDROOM. NIGHT.

ON THE DOOR. CALLAN OPENS IT TO FIND HUNTER SEATED BY THE BED. HE IS WEARING GLASSES AND IS CALMLY READING A BIBLE.

HUNTER: You'd better close the curtains.

CALLAN LAYS DOWN HIS SUITCASE AND CROSSES TO CLOSE THE CURTAINS. HUNTER GETS UP AND BEGINS TO PUT THE BIBLE AWAY IN THE DRAWER OF A BEDSIDE TABLE.

HUNTER: Your Gideon Bible.

WITHOUT REPLYING, CALLAN REMOVES HIS JACKET AND STRETCHES OUT ON THE BED. HUNTER PEERS THROUGH THE CURTAINS.

HUNTER: No slip-ups?

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CALLAN: It's bloody hard work pretending you're a stranger in the middle of Shepherd's Bush.

HUNTER: It's worth it to reach Belukov.

CALLAN: Not a hope. The organisation is full of cut-outs, and Belukov never gets down to this level.

HUNTER: Your joining the "ring" was only phase one. Phase two is what counts. All you have to do is pass an urgent, private message along the line to Belukov.

CALLAN: I don't even know his present code-name.

HUNTER: We'll get it for you.

CALLAN: What's the message?

HUNTER: That the Marshalls intend to defect, to stay in the West and talk. Belukov will come quickly enough...to eliminate them.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART ONE.

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FADE IN.

PART TWO

19. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES, WATCHING THE TV MONITOR. WE SEE CALLAN AND NADIA OUTSIDE THE PET SHOP. THEY PAUSE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE PLASTER PANDA, THEN HE HELPS HER TO FEED SOME RABBITS. CALLAN WEARS AN OVERALL.

PULL BACK TO SHOW THAT "ROSS" IS WITH THEM, STARING AT THE MONITOR SCREEN.

HUNTER: I thought you'd like to see yourself settling in.

ROSS: Other eyes may be watching, too.

HUNTER: That's a risk we have to take.

ROSS: (INDICATES CALLAN) He won't be able to pose forever.

HUNTER: Long enough.

ROSS: For what?

HUNTER: For the girl to show him where your lot leave your messages.

ROSS: The places can easily be changed.

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HUNTER: Not before we pick up a few useful trails. Especially the one that leads to Belukov.

ROSS: Who?

MERES: Colonel Max Belukov, your London boss.

ROSS: I don't know anyone by that name.

HUNTER LEANS VERY CLOSE TO HIM.

HUNTER: No. You'd communicate differently. By a code-name. (HARD) I want just one more thing from you. I want that code-name.....

CUT TO:

20. INT. UNDERGROUND (STOCK)

SHOT OF A TRAIN AT AN UNDERGROUND PLATFORM, THE DOORS JUST CLOSING.

CUT TO:

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21. INT. AUTOMATIC LIFT.

ON THE LIFT. A WOMAN TICKET COLLECTOR SEATED OUTSIDE. THE SOUND OF THE TUBE TRAIN PULLING AWAY CAN BE HEARD. THEN THE ECHO OF FOOTSTEPS ALONG THE CORRIDOR TO THE LIFT. A MAN APPEARS JUST AS THE DALEK-LIKE VOICE ANNOUNCES "STAND CLEAR OF THE GATES". HE HANDS OVER HIS TICKET AND GOES INTO THE LIFT, SITS DOWN ON THE BENCH SEAT, READS HIS NEWSPAPER. THE MAN IS CHELENKO, ASSISTANT TO BELUKOV. THE RECORDED VOICE REPEATS THE WARNING AND THE GATES CLOSE. CHELENKO IS THE SOLE PASSENGER. AS THE LIFT ASCENDS HE LAYS DOWN THE NEWSPAPER AND BRINGS A TINY OBJECT FROM HIS POCKET, REACHES UNDER THE BENCH AND AFFIXES IT. THE LIFT JOLTS TO A STOP AND THE OPPOSITE GATES OPEN. CHELENKO FOLDS HIS NEWSPAPER AND STARTS TO LEAVE. JUST AS HE IS STEPPING OUT OF THE LIFT TWO PEOPLE WALK INTO SHOT - NADIA AND CALLAN. THEY ENTER THE LIFT WITHOUT SPEAKING. CAMERA IS CLOSE ON CHELENKO AS HE RECOGNISES NADIA, THEN TRANSFERS HIS GLANCE TO CALLAN. HOLD ON HIM AS HE PAUSES OUTSIDE THE LIFT, LOOKS BACK, FROWNS. WE HEAR THE FIRST WARNING ABOUT THE GATES. SHOW HIS, P.O.V. OF NADIA AND CALLAN, STILL SILENT. CUT BACK, TO CHELENKO. SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT, THEN THE GATES CLOSE.

22. INT. AUTOMATIC LEFT

THE LIFT STARTS TO GO DOWN.

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NADIA: It can be tricky getting the lift to yourself.

CALLAN: This is the post-box?

NADIA: One of the busiest. It's our direct link with head office.

CALLAN: The Embassy?

NADIA: Yes. Best to check it regularly.

SHE SITS DOWN ON THE BENCH AND STARTS TO FEEL UNDER IT, REACTS AS SHE FINDS SOMETHING.

CALLAN: Delivery day?

NADIA NODS AND TAKES A NAIL FILE FROM HER HANDBAG. PRISES OFF THE OBJECT PUT THERE BY CHELENKO. SHE HOLDS IT OUT IN THE PALM OF HER HAND.

NADIA: Drawing-pin, with a microdot in the head. Doesn't get dislodged by the cleaners. (PUTS IT IN HANDBAG) It may be our travel instructions.

CALLAN: Dying to get away, aren't you?

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NADIA: Yes.

CALLAN: Roll on 'death'.

CLOSE ON NADIA'S EXPRESSION.

NADIA: Please don't say that.

CUT TO:

23. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY

CLOSE ON A FILE AS IT IS REMOVED FROM A DRAWER AND OPENED TO SHOW A PICTURE OF "ROSS" INSIDE. PULL BACK. CHELENKO STARES DOWN AT THE FILE. DOOR OPENS AND BELUKOV COMES IN. HE HAS BEEN PLAYING SQUASH, AND IS SWEATING PROFUSELY. HE THROWS HIS RACKET DOWN ON HIS DESK.

BELUKOV: Squash! How I hate this boring way of keeping fit! Do you suppose in the American Embassy they play skittles in the basement?

CHELENKO: I'm told they have excellent recreation facilities at Grosvenor Square.

BELUKOV, MOPPING HIS BROW WITH A TOWEL, GIVES HIM A PAINED LOOK.

BELUKOV: That's what I like about you, Chelenko. Your face ripples with good humour like a frozen lake. (CROSSES TO HIM) What are you nosing about in there for?

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CHELENKO: I saw the girl, Mareschke, at the Tube station. Naturally she didn't know me.

BELUKOV: So?

CHELENKO: A man got into the lift with her. (BEAT) It wasn't Dmitrovitch.

BELUKOV LOOKS CLOSELY AT HIM, TAKES THE FILE.

BELUKOV: Go on.

CHELENKO: It stands to reason, Colonel. She wouldn't make a collection with someone else there.

BELUKOV: Yet she did?

CHELENKO: I went down in the lift again, as soon as I could. The drawing pin was gone.

BELUKOV SITS DOWN AT HIS DESK THOUGHTFULLY.

BELUKOV: (BEAT) All right, Chelenko. It may be a false alarm, but better to check up on it.

CUT TO:

24. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY

NADIA IS EXAMINING THE MICRODOT THROUGH THE MISCROSCOPE, WATCHED BY CALLAN.

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NADIA: (STRAIGHTENING) Austria.

CALLAN: That where you'll jump off from?

NADIA: Yes. Night flight to Vienna, next Friday. Almost time to start packing. I can hardly believe it!

CALLAN HAS PICKED UP A FRAMED PICTURE OF A YOUNG MAN.

CALLAN: Who's this? A boy-friend?

NADIA: Nikki. My young brother. I've missed him, but Father misses him most.

SHE SUDDENLY STARTS TO CRY, BUT BRINGS HERSELF QUICKLY UNDER CONTROL.

I'm sorry. But we've wanted to go home for a long time. And now that it's just a few days away.....

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE NODS, LOOKING AT NADIA WITH GROWING UNEASE. ABRUPTLY HE TURNS AND STARTS TO PACK THE MICRODOT EQUIPMENT AND A CAMERA INTO A HOLDALL.

CALLAN: This all the equipment I need?

NADIA: Yes. Do you think it's wise, taking it to your room?

CALLAN: I'm a bit rusty on photo work. Dots didn't come into my side of things in Denmark.

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NADIA: But surely it'd be safer to brush up here? You could practice now, if you like.

CALLAN: Don't worry, I'll keep everything under lock and key. Besides, you and your father must have lots to talk about. (STARTS TO LEAVE) Thanks for the conducted tour.

AS HE REACHES THE DOOR CONNECTING WITH THE SHOP THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE SHOP BELL.

NADIA: That'll be Father now. Wait till he hears the news -

BUT CALLAN, GLANCING THROUGH TO THE SHOP, STIFFENS, MOTIONS TO HER TO KEEP QUIET.

NADIA: What is it?

CALLAN: The man in the shop....

CUT TO P.O.V. SHOT THROUGH THE SLIGHTLY OPEN DOOR INTO THE SHOP. THE MAN WHO HAS ENTERED IS CHELENKO, WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES. HE IS LOOKING AT SOME BIRDS IN CAGES.

BACK TO CALLAN AND NADIA

CALLAN: He came out of the lift at the Underground - as we were going in.

NADIA: (REACTS) Are you sure?

CALLAN: He's dressed differently, but it's the same man.

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NADIA: Then he must be one of our people. The one who left the message.

CALLAN: Or one of their people.

SHE STARES AT HIM.

NADIA: A British agent?

NADIA CLOSES THE DOOR. A BEAT

NADIA: What do you suggest?

CALLAN: (INDICATES HOLDALL) The first thing is for me to get out of here. Is there another way?

NADIA: ~~Through there, a door to the side lane.~~ There's the side door.

CALLAN: Right. Go in and keep him busy. Treat him as you'd treat any other customer.

SHE NODS AND SLIPS ON HER OVERALL, GOES INTO THE SHOP. HOLD ON CALLAN, AT THE DOOR.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) They never learn about those wide trouser legs. Hear his shoes squeak, too. Another rule-mark.

CUT TO:

25. INT. NET SHOP. DAY

NADIA WITH CHELENKO. THEY ARE AT THE FISH TANKS, WHERE HE IS PROFESSING AN INTEREST IN GOLDFISH.

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NADIA: These Shubunkins are the most popular, three and six each. Do you want t them for indoors or outdoors?

CHELENKO: Indoors.

NADIA: Well, that gives you quite a range. The Fantails, for instance -

CUT TO:

26. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY

CLOSE ON CALLAN, AS HE LOOKS INTO THE SHOP, LISTENING. SOUND OF NADIA AND CHELENKO TALKING IN BACKGROUND.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (SOV) Fishing, without breaking cover. ~~No more than suspicious yet.~~ Fits in with Hunter's idea about them defecting. Everything falls into his bloody lap.

CUT TO:

27. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

NADIA AND CHELENKO. SHE IS NETTING GOLDFISH OUT OF THE TANK AND PUTTING IT IN A WATER-FILLED PLASTIC BAG.

HE GIVES HER THE MONEY AND SHE GETS CHANGE OUT OF A TILL. CHELENKO GOES OVER TO THE MICE CAGE TO LOOK AT IT. NADIA TENSES AS HE TOUCHES IT.

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CHELENKO: (BEAT) I suppose you find running a shop rather a tie? Getting away from it, I mean.

ON A SHELF NEAR THE CAGE LIES THE PILE OF HOLIDAY BROCHURES WE HAVE SEEN EARLIER. HE PICKS ONE UP.

NADIA: It's difficult, but we're managing a holiday next week, as a matter of fact.

CHELENKO: Far away places?

NADIA: (SMILES) Eight days, inclusive.

CHELENKO: Leaving all this?

NADIA: My cousin's keeping shop...He's ...home from abroad.

CHELENKO: He'll have quite a lot to learn.

CLOSE ON NADIA'S EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

28. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY

CALLAN IS STANDING BY THE WINDOW, LOOKING OUT. MERES SITS ON THE BED UNPACKING THE MICRODOT EQUIPMENT FROM THE HOLDALL, EXAMINES IT.

MERES: Standard kit, no maker's stamps. East German, I should say.

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CALLAN: Did you get Belukov's code-name?

SHOW CALLAN'S P.O.V. OF THE PET SHOP ACROSS THE STREET. CHELENKO STILL HASN'T COME OUT.

MERE'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) It's Oliver Cromwell. Bloody cheek.

BACK TO THE ROOM. CALLAN REMAINS BY THE WINDOW.

MERES: What's glueing you to that window?

CALLAN: One of Cromwell's men.

MERES JUMPS OFF THE BED AND COMES OVER TO THE WINDOW, CONCERNED.

MERES: In the pet shop - now?

CALLAN: You needn't wet your pants. It's me they're after.

MERES: (REACTS) You mean you've been seen?

CALLAN: I walked into the Tube with the girl. What does that prove? They can't be sure about Roscovitch.

~~MERES: But if he's making sure?~~

CALLAN: She doesn't know whether he's friend or foe.

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MERES: What happens if they let their hair down over there?

CALLAN: ~~They'll be after me.~~ Better run home to Uncle Charlie.

MERES GLARES AT HIM FOR THIS

MERES: And you'd better get on with that microdot ~~on the drawing pin.~~ Belukov must receive a message from Ross that the Marshalls are defecting.

~~CALLAN: If I ever send it.~~

~~MERES: If?~~

CALLAN: Too bad there isn't another way.

MERES: Well, there isn't. The Marshalls are perfect bait.

CALLAN: What happens to them after I shop them?

MERES: I thought you had a deep craving to erase Belukov?

CUT TO:

29. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY

ICNG SHOT FROM CALLAN'S P.O.V. TO SHOW CHELENKO LEAVING THE PET SHOP.

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CUT TO:

30. INT. PUB, BEDROOM. DAY

CALLAN AND MERES WATCH. THEN CALLAN GRABS THE PHONE, DIALS.

CUT TO:

31. INT. BACKSHOP, DAY

ON THE PHONE RINGING. NADIA COMES IN FROM THE SHOP TO ANSWER.

NADIA: Yes? ~~You saw him leave~~? I had a job getting rid of him, but I didn't give anything away. All right, see you later.

SHE RINGS OFF, HOLDS ONTO THE PHONE FOR A MOMENT. THEN REACTS AS THE SHOP BELL GOES.

CUT TO:

32. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

MARSHALL HAS ENTERED CARRYING A PAPER SACK OF ANIMAL FOOD WHICH HE DUMPS DOWN WITH A GASP. NADIA APPEARS. AS HE STAGGERS WITH EXHAUSTION.

NADIA: You've carried ~~that over~~ half a ~~mile.~~ Look at you!

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MARSHALL: (HARDLY ABLE TO SPEAK) I'll be fine, in a moment -

NADIA: Why didn't you get them to deliver it?

MARSHALL: They....couldn't until...next week. Don't fuss.....

HE STUMBLES AGAINST SOME BIRD CAGES, KNOCKING THEM OVER. NADIA GETS AN ARM AROUND HIM AND PULLS HIM TOWARDS THE BACKSHOP.

NADIA: You're going to bed, this minute.

NADIA. Father!

CUT TO:

33. INT. PUB BEDROOM

CURTAINS DRAWN. CALLAN IS PHOTOGRAPHING A TYPED MESSAGE PLACED UNDER THE BEDSIDE LAMP. MICRODOT EQUIPMENT ON TABLE.

CUT TO:

34. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY

HUNTER AND MERES.

HUNTER: Do you think Callan suspects?

MERES: I don't know, sir. He's certainly gone soft on the girl and her father. Let's hope he wants Belukov badly enough.

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35. INT. PUB. BEDROOM

CALLAN AT WORK ON THE MICRODOT. UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, USING TWEEZERS, WE SEE HIM PUT THE DOT INTO A CAVITY IN THE UNSCREWED HEAD OF A DRAWING PIN. THEN HE SCREWS THE HEAD ON. HE LAYS DOWN THE PIN AND STARTS TO PUT AWAY THE EQUIPMENT. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

CALLAN: Who is it?

LONELY'S VOICE: It's me, Mr. Callan, Lonely.

CALLAN: Hang on a minute.

HE GETS THE REST OF THE THINGS INTO THE HOLDALL, PULLS THE CURTAINS TO ADMIT DAYLIGHT. THEN UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO LET LONELY IN. LONELY LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

LONELY: Are you on the run or something?

CALLAN: Thanks for shouting Callan outside the door.

LONELY: Sorry, but I remembered to say 'Roos' downstairs.

CALLAN: Just keep remembering.

LONELY: Must be snug, living on top of a boozer.

CALLAN: God, you smell like rising damp today, Lonely.

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LONELY: A drink might cure it, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: It's out of hours.

LONELY: What do you want me to do?

CALLAN: Go to a Tube station, and use the lift.

LONELY: What for?

CALLAN: Take this drawing-pin. And keep it in your mitt, don't lose it.

HE HANDS LONELY THE DRAWING-PIN. LONELY LOOKS AT IT IN HIS HAND, THEN GLANCES AT CALLAN.

LONELY: You gone off your rocker, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN RATHER CRUELLY SQUASHES LONELY'S FIST.

CALLAN: Save the jokes. Get the lift on your own. That shouldn't be difficult with your B.O.

LONELY: All right I get the lift on my own. Then what?

CALLAN: There's a bench. You reach under it, and stick the drawing-pin in, right hand side.

LONELY: That all?

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CALLAN: (NODS) Then beat it.

LONELY: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) You just want me to -

HE BREAKS OFF AS THE PHONE RINGS. CALLAN PICKS IT UP.

CALLAN: Yes? Your father? How bad is it? I'll be over.

HE RINGS OFF, STARES AT LONELY. FOR A LONG MOMENT. LONELY SHRUGS.

LONELY: Just tell me the Tube Station, and I'll go and do it now.

CALLAN: Forget it.

LONELY: Eh? (OPENS FIST) What about this?

CALLAN: Use it to pick your teeth. They could do with it. No, on second thoughts, I'd better have it back..

CUT TO:

36. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

THE DOCTOR IS WRITING OUT A PRESCRIPTION. MARSHALL IN THE DIVAN BAD, NADIA ARRANGING HIS PILLOW.

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MARSHALL: I'll soon be on my feet, yes Doctor?

DOCTOR: We'll see about that later.

MARSHALL EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH NADIA.

NADIA: The main thing is to rest.

DOCTOR: I'll be back in a couple of days. Take this last thing at night - it'll help you sleep. (TEARS OFF SLIP) Eat lightly - and don't smoke.

NADIA: Does he have to give it up?

A LOOK BETWEEN HER AND THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: (ON SECOND THOUGHTS) No, well, perhaps not.

MARSHALL: Thank you.

SHE GOES OUT WITH THE DOCTOR.

37. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AS SHE SEES THE DOCTOR OUT THROUGH THE SHOP, SHE DROPS HER VOICE.

NADIA: How long?

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DOCTOR: Three, four months. But he'll get progressively more tired. Any physical exertion's bound to shorten his chances.

NADIA: How will he be in, say, a week's time?

DOCTOR: Fair. But let's just worry about the next few days, shall we?

NADIA: You don't understand. We...we're going on..holiday. Next Friday. Abroad.

DOCTOR: I'd say that's quite out of the question.

NADIA: But wouldn't the...change do him good?

DOCTOR: Travel, and I wouldn't give him more than six weeks. I can't say fairer than that.

NADIA: No, you can't. Thank you for coming, Doctor.

SHE SEES HIM OUT, TURNS TO FIND CALLAN. HE HAS BEEN STANDING BEHIND A TALL RANK OF HUTCHES, LISTENING.

CALLAN: Your father's dying.

NADIA: Yes.

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CALLAN: Does he know?

NADIA: No.

CALLAN: But you knew?

NADIA: (NODS) Last time he had a hospital test, they told me.

CALLAN: ~~(NODS)~~ I don't care what the doctor says. We're going.

SHE CRIES SOFTLY. CAMERA GOES CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CUT TO:

38. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE ON HUNTER. HE IS HAVING A FURIOUS ROW WITH CALLAN.

~~HUNTER: What difference does it make?~~

CALLAN: ~~Trust you, Hunter~~! Only you could make use of a man with a few weeks to live! You know damn well I wouldn't have gone within a mile of that shop of if I'd known.

HUNTER: I thought Belukov was what mattered to you?

CALLAN: There's always another time.

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HUNTER: You seem to have forgotten, Callan, that the Marshalls are spies.

CALLAN: Tiddlers. Postal clerks. You said it yourself.

HUNTER: I never said anything about letting them leave the country.

CALLAN: You could allow them to slip out.

HUNTER: Really?

CALLAN: What do you want 'em for? Part of the annual drive ? Make you up to Brigadier, will they?

HUNTER: (RATTLED) That's enough!

CALLAN: The Marshalls will get twenty years apiece, and the old man will be dead in a British jail within a couple of months. What do you do....play the National Anthemn each time you leave the office?

HUNTER: I'm beginning to doubt your loyalty, Callan.

CALLAN: If you mean for you, you're dead right. You want Belukov, you can get him yourself. Put Meres on it, Belukov will probably eat him alive.

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HUNTER: It's too late.

CALLAN: Oh, no, it isn't. I didn't deliver the phoney message about them defecting.

CALLAN:
CALLAN HAS PRODUCED THE DRAWING PIN. CALLOUSLY HE STICKS IT IN HUNTER'S DESK TOP.

HUNTER: That's not what I meant, Callan. (CALLAN PAUSES AT THE DOOR AS HUNTER FLIPS HIS INTERCOM SWITCH) ~~Ask for Meres to come in.~~ (A PAUSE, THEN MERES ENTERS) ~~Well?~~

MERES: It worked perfectly, sir. He's escaped.

CALLAN: Roscovitch?

HUNTER: With our help, of course. He's no good to us, and no good to them with his cover blown.

HUNTER LEAVES HIS DESK AND MOVES OVER TO TURN ON A TV MONITOR.

HUNTER: You see, Callan, I thought you might be ready to pull out.

MERES: There he goes now, sir, approaching the Embassy....

ON THE TV MONITOR WE SEE (IF POSSIBLE)

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A SHOT OF ROSS WALKING TOWARDS AN EMBASSY BUILDING. HUNTER NODS WITH SATISFACTION, LOOKS AT CALLAN.

HUNTER: Straight to Belukov with the news that you've joined the family business.

CALLAN: You bastard.

HUNTER: Bit dodgy for the Marshalls.

MERES: Must be, sir.

HUNTER: My guess is they're as good as dead. Just the same as if he had got your message.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART TWO.

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FADE IN:

PART THREE

39. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

ROSS SITS IN A CHAIR, CHELENKO STANDING BESIDE HIM. BELUKOV PACES UP AND DOWN THE ROOM, ANGRY AND THOUGHTFUL IN TURN.

BELUKOV: How much do you think this man - this substitute - has told his Section?

ROSS: (SHRUGS) I couldn't say.

BELUKOV COMES OVER AND STANDS IN FRONT OF ROSS'S CHAIR.

BELUKOV: And how much did you tell them?

ROSS: (UNCOMFORTABLE) Very little.

BELUKOV: But enough for them to put someone in your place. (BEAT) To me that sounds like a lot, Comrade.

ROSS: I assure you, they only forced me to reveal a few minor details. I was given a rough time. It's in my report.

CHELENKO LIFTS A TYPED REPORT FROM THE DESK.

CHELENKO: It's all here.

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BELUKOV TAKES THE SHEET OF PAPER, GIVES IT ONLY A CASUAL GLANCE.

BELUKOV: Were they as slack as this in Copenhagen?

ROSS: (COLDLY) May I remind you, Colonel, they knew of my arrival, in London.

BELUKOV: Maybe. But couldn't you have avoided arrest?

ROSS: They said it was Customs search. I had to behave like an ordinary passenger.

BELUKOV: A good agent would have sensed danger. (LAYS DOWN REPORT) You don't even know where you were questioned...?

ROSS: I escaped from a van while I was being taken from one place to another.

BELUKOV: (TESTILY) You might as well have finished the trip!

ROSS: I take it you'll have me re-assigned?

BELUKOV: I'll request it with pleasure. (BEAT) But I don't hold out much hope for you.

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ROSS: What do you mean?

BELUKOV: You failed.

ROSS GIVES HIM A LOOK, THEN EXITS. BELUKOV RETURNS TO THE MAP, BANGS HIS FIST OVER THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH AREA.

BELUKOV: Dead-letter boxes we can do something about. But there are documents there. Signal codes, frequencies, transmission times.

CHELENKO: (NODS) And the equipment.

BELUKOV: If it isn't too late, everything must be removed (BEAT) Everything. Yes?

CHELENKO: Yes, Colonel. May I make a suggestion, sir?

BELUKOV: Yes?

CHELENKO: Why don't I remove this Callan to a place for questioning? Give them a taste of their own -

CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE ON BELUKOV'S EXPRESSION. HE INTERRUPTS.

BELUKOV: Callan?

CHELENKO: Yes, sir. Roscovitch overheard his real name. (PICKS UP REPORT) It's in the report...

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BUT BELUKOV IGNORES THE TYPED SHEET AND GOES TO A FILE CABINET, PULLS OUT A DRAWER, HE LIFTS OUT A FILE, OPENS IT TO REVEAL A PHOTOGRAPH OF CALLAN. HE HOLDS IT OUT FOR CHELENKO TO SEE.

BELUKOV: Is this the man you saw with the girl?

CHELENKO: (SURPRISED) Yes...that's him. You know him, Colonel?

BELUKOV: Yes. (BEAT)

HE WALKS TO HIS DESK, LAYS DOWN THE FILE. PHOTOUPPERMOST. HIS EYES ARE ON CALLAN, EVEN AS HE OPENS THE DRAWER AND BRINGS OUT A REVOLVER. CHELENKO STARES AT HIM.

CHELENKO: You're going to deal with it yourself?

BELUKOV: Look after the office.

CHELENKO: Callan means something...?

BELUKOV: Yes. I missed him once...

CUT TO:

40. INT. PET SHOP, DAY.

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CALLAN SETS DOWN HIS SUITCASE AND THE HOLDALL. NADIA, WEARING A COAT, IS LOOKING AT HIM WITH SURPRISE.

NADIA: Moving in?

CALLAN: Better for me to be on the spot with your father laid up.

NADIA: But the pub's only across the street. There's nowhere for you s to sleep.

CALLAN: I can doss down on the couch, (NOTICES HER COAT) Where are you going?

NADIA: I need to do some shopping?

CALLAN PROWLS BETWEEN THE CAGES AS IF HE EXPECTS TO FIND SOMEONE.

CALLAN: All right, but make it quick. How is your father?

NADIA: He's dozing.

CALLAN: (REACHES THE DOOR CONNECTING WITH THE BACKSHOP. HE GLANCES IN) Is the side door locked?

NADIA: Yes.

CALLAN DRAGS A LARGE DISPLAY STAND OUT FROM THE WALL TO FORM A USEFUL PIECE OF COVER.

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NADIA: What is this, some kind of siege?

CALLAN: You may be having another visitor.

NADIA: It's because of that man who was here earlier, isn't it?

CALLAN: Partly.

NADIA GROWS MORE WORRIED.

NADIA: Look, if there's a danger of us being arrested, shouldn't we get out altogether? And tell Belukov?

CALLAN: I reckon he's got the message already.

CUT TO:

41. INT. TARGET RANGE. DAY.

CLOSE ON HUNTER WITH A RIFLE, FIRING SEVERAL ROUNDS IN RAPID SUCCESSION, MERES WALKS INTO SHOT.
MERES BLASTS OFF AT THE TARGET, STRAIGHTENS.

HUNTER: Good. You mightn't even need this.

HE HANDS OVER A TELESCOPIC SIGHT TO A SURPRISED MERES.

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MERES: You want me to use it?

HUNTER: Callan might miss.

MERES: The room across the street?

HUNTER: Callan's paid the rent, even if he has moved out.

PHONE RINGS. MERES ANSWERS.

MERES: (INTO PHONE) Yes? Right. (HE RINGS OFF) Belukov just left the Embassy...

CUT TO:

42. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

VERY CLOSE ON A REVOLVER BEING CHECKED. PULL OUT TO SHOW CALLAN. HE FITS A SILENCER.

MARSHALL'S VOICE: Is anyone there?

CALLAN SWIFTLY PUTS THE GUN IN HIS POCKET AND GOES INTO THE BACKSHOP.

CUT TO:

43. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

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MARSHALL IS SITTING UP IN BED AS CALLAN ENTERS.

MARSHALL: It's you, Roscovitch. Where's Nadia?

CALLAN: She'll be back any moment. How do you feel?

AS THEY TALK CALLAN GIVES HIM A CIGARETTE, LIGHTS IT.

MARSHALL: Much better. This would have to happen now.

CALLAN: You're tired.

MARSHALL: Yes. We start off with no nerves to trouble us, then gradually we come to be made up of nothing else. But I shall travel next week. I shan't be lying here.

CALLAN: That's the spirit.

MARSHALL: (BEAT) (CALLAN FROWNS, DOESN'T ANSWER) It's all right. I've guessed. It isn't just my epsionage days that are over. (BEAT) Did Nadia tell you?

CALLAN: She thinks you don't know.

MARSHALL: Better she goes on thinking that.

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CALLAN: Sure.

MARSHALL: You should try not to tense every time you hear that bell. (SMILES) Remember it's a pet shop.

CALLAN MAKES FOR THE DOOR.

CALLAN: A right little jungle clearing...

CUT TO:

44. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE COMES OUT OF THE BACKSHOP, SCREENED BY THE DISPLAY STAND HE'S PULLED ACROSS THE DOOR. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS. SLOWLY HE MAKES HIS WAY ALONG PAST A TALL ROW OF CAGES, REVOLVER IN HAND. THEN, REACHING A BREAK, HE STEPS OUT. CUT TO ANOTHER ANGLE. NADIA, WALKING DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAGES, WHIRLS ROUND, REACTS, SHE STARES AT THE GUN IN CALLAN'S HAND.

NADIA: You seem to have taken over here already.

CUT TO:

45. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

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HUNTER AND MERES AT THE WINDOW. MERES ASSEMBLING RIFLE. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

VOICE: Mr. Ross? I got your message.

AT A NOD FROM HUNTER, MERES GOES BEHIND THE DOOR WITH THE RIFLE. HUNTER OPENS THE DOOR. LONELY STANDS THERE.

HUNTER: Come in.

LONELY HESITATES, THEN ENTERS THE ROOM. AS HUNTER CLOSES THE DOOR LONELY SEES MERES, THE RIFLE, REACTS.

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LONELY: What's happened to Mr. Callan?

HUNTER: (LEADS LONELY OVER) See the pet shop?

LONELY: Yes.

HUNTER: He's in there.

LONELY LOOKS ANXIOUSLY AT THE RIFLE AS MERES TAKES UP HIS POSITION AT THE WINDOW AGAIN.

LONELY: What's that for?

MERES: Don't worry, Callan isn't due for removal just yet. This is only in case he makes a mess of things.

LONELY: Did he send for me?

HUNTER: No I did.

LONELY, TURNS READY TO LEAVE.

LONELY: I only works for him.

HUNTER: That's why we want you to go across to the pet shop.

MERES: You'll feel more at home in that.

HUNTER: Tell him Charlie's at the ringside. Tell him as soon as Oliver Cromwell's been polished off, he's to phone me here. Got it?

LONELY: I think so.

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HUNTER LEADS HIM TO THE DOOR, SEES HIM OUT. HUNTER WALKS BACK TO THE WINDOW.

MERES: Just as well you weren't directly involved with Cromwell, sir.

HUNTER: Oh. Why?

MERES: He once lopped off another Charlie's head, sir.

CLOSE ON HUNTER'S EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

46. CLOSE SHOT. BELUKOV

HE IS DRIVING, BUT WE SEE NOTHING MORE THAN HIS FACE AND HIS HAND ON THE WHEEL.

CUT TO:

47. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

CALLAN AND LONELY. CALLAN GAZES OUT OF THE WINDOW TOWARDS THE PUB OPPOSITE.

LONELY: I thought they were sitting up there ready to pick you off.

CALLAN: Some day they will, Lonely.

LONELY: Mr. Callan, what sort of trouble are you in?

CALLAN: Scarper.

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LONELY: If you're up against a mob, I could round up a few lads of me own...

CALLAN HAS MOVED TO A BIRD CAGE THAT HANGS FROM THE CEILING. IT'S ABOUT HEAD HEIGHT, SWAYING A LITTLE. HE STEADIES IT WITH BOTH HANDS, THEN BRINGS OUT A GUN AND LAYS IT ON THE FLAT TOP OF THE CAGE WHERE IT WOULD BE JUST OUT OF VIEW OF ANYONE BUT A VERY TALL MAN. LONELY SEES THE GUN, HOWEVER.

LONELY: You going to use that on this Cromwell bloke, Mr. Callan?

NADIA'S VOICE: Callan?

ANOTHER ANGLE. NADIA STANDS IN THE DOORWAY, A GUN IN HER HAND.

CALLAN: I told you to stay in the backshop.

NADIA: You aren't Roscovitch....

CALLAN'S HAND IS HOVERING UP NEAR THE BIRDCAGE, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO GRAB HIS GUN.

CALLAN: No.

NADIA: British.

CALLAN: Didn't realise it showed.

NADIA LOOKS AT LONELY, WHO IS BOTH BAFFLED AND SHAKING WITH NERVES.

NADIA: Who is this?

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CALLAN: Fellow of the Royal Zoological Society. (BEAT) Let him go. Or at least put him out of the way in the backshop.

SHE HESITATES, THEN MOTIONS FOR LONELY TO GO INTO THE BACKSHOP. HE GOES.

NADIA: You were planted on us?

CALLAN: Right.

NADIA: To kill Belukov?

CALLAN: I'm sorry you and your old man had to be involved.

NADIA: If you really mean that, you're a very strange sort of Special Branchman. We're spies, after all.

CALLAN: I'm not a copper. And I am strange, love.

JUST AS CALLAN'S HAND IS GOING FOR THE GUN -

NADIA: Please stand away from that birdcage!

SLOWLY, HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE CAGE, NEARER TO HER. SHE INDICATES HER OWN GUN.

NADIA: This was in case you needed me. It's just as well I had it.

CALLAN: I still wouldn't give much for your chances when the boss man gets here.

NADIA: What do you mean?

CALLAN: Belukov won't just be coming for me. He'll get rid of both of you, too.

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CALLAN: (contd) The ballon's up. You were going back, giving up. You're expendable. Your father even more so.

SHE STARES AT HIM. CALLAN LOOKS OVER HER SHOULDER, PRETENDING SOMEONE IS THERE.

CALLAN: That's right, isn't it, Mr. Marshall?

JUST FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND NADIA TURNS HER HEAD. AND IN THAT INSTANT CALLAN CHOPS DOWN WITH HIS HAND TO KNOCK THE GUN FROM HER GRASP. HE GETS IT. THEN POINTS TO THE BACKSHOP.

CUT TO:

48. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

MARSHALL LOOKS UP WITH SURPRISE AS NADIA RETURNS WITH CALLAN. CALLAN GIVES LONELY NADIA'S GUN, WHICH HE HOLDS LIKE A HOT POTATO.

MARSHALL: What's going on?

CALLAN: I don't want you and your daughter getting in the way.

MARSHALL: In the way of what?

CALLAN: (TO LONELY) Okay, Lonely?

LONELY: Mr. Callan, I've a confession to make. Hardware's been my business for years, but I never once pulled a trigger.

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CALLAN: Easy. You just pull the trigger.

CUT TO:

49. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY

CLOSE ON HUNTER AND MERES. SOMETHING THEY SEE O.S. MAKES THEM SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE.

HUNTER: What's that?

CUT TO:

50.EXT. PET SHOP.DAY. (P.O.V)

AN R.S.P.C.A. VAN HAS PULLED UP OUTSIDE THE PET SHOP AND A UNIFORMED INSPECTOR OPENS THE BACK, BRINGS OUT A HUTCH. (PETS IN IT AS PRACTICAL)

CUT TO:

51. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY

HUNTER AND MERES

MERES: R.S.P.C.A, Sir.

HUNTER: (TOUCH OF DISGUST) In the best British tradition! Trust 'em to call right now....

CUT TO:

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52. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY

AS THE SHOP BELL GOES. EVERYONE TENSES. THEN CALLAN GOES OUT TO THE SHOP, THE DOOR LEFT AJAR BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO:

53. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

CALLAN EDGES INTO THE SHOP, HIS HAND NEAR THE BIRDCAGE WHERE THE GUN LIES. THEN HE SEES ABOVE THE HUTCH, WHICH IS BEING CARRIED HIGH, THE CAP OF AN RSPCA INSPECTOR. NOTHING OF THE MAN'S FACE CAN BE SEEN. CALLAN'S HAND RELAXES, MOVES AWAY FROM, THE CAGE.

VOICE: Mr. Marshall?

CALLAN: He's laid up...

AT THAT MOMENT THE HUTCH IS LOWERED AND WE SEE THAT IT IS BELUKOV. HE HAS A GUN WITH SILENCER POINTING STRAIGHT AT CALLAN,

BELUKOV: And you are a stand-in, Callan. In more ways than one.

CALLAN: Fancy uniforms are all the rage nowadays.

BELUKOV SMILES, DOFFS HIS CAP.

BELUKOV: Hardly exciting, but functional. And it is work, after all.

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CALLAN NODS AT THE GUN.

CALLAN: What's that....your humane killer?

BELUKOV: It feels a little strange - but not too much. (SMILES) Most of the time now. I'm pushing a pen.

CALLAN: Since your crack-up?

BELUKOV: Needling me, eh, Callan? Let's see, it must be three or four years.

CALLAN: Six.

BELUKOV: And here you are, turning up inside my own organisation!

SHOW CALLAN'S HAND AT THE BIRDCAGE. HE PRETENDS TO BESTROKING THE BARS TO ATTRACT THE BIRD.

BELUKOV: I could have had one of my assistants come along and do this job. But when I heard it was you....(BEAT) One likes to tie up ends. Even after six years.

CALLAN: I know just how you feel.

CALLAN TRIES TO GET THE GUN OFF THE TOP OF THE CAGE, BUT IT IS SWAYING SLIGHTLY. BELUKOV COMES FORWARD - AND HE TOO TOUCHES THE CAGE, CAUSING IT TO SWING EVEN MORE. CLOSE ON CALLAN.

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BELUKOV: I almost got you, when that other little 'bird' got in our way. (WITH A ROUGH GESTURE BELUKOV PUSHES THE CAGE ASIDE NOW .. AND THE GUN SLIDES OFF, FALLS BETWEEN THEM. BELUKOV REACTS, THEN GIVES CALLAN A LOOK.) Instinct. What a useful thing it is! (BEAT) Where are the Marshalls?

CALLAN: Are you going to put them down, too?

BELUKOV: Much as I regret it, I have to protect the network.

CALLAN: They want out of spying altogether. Why should they talk if you don't want them too?

BELUKOV: I can't take the risk. Anyhow, what difference does it make for him.... a few weeks.

CUT TO CLOSE SHOT MARSHALL, THEN NADIA. PAN DOWN TO SHOW HER SCRIBBLING A NOTE FOR LONELY. IT READS 'DO YOU WANT TO SEE CALLAN KILLED'?

BELUKOV: I'm afraid I also can't take the risk of having you catch up with me again, Callan.

HE RAISES THE GUN TO SHOOT CALLAN.

CALLAN: I'm glad you've realised it... I caught up with you. You were meant to walk into this mousetrap, and you did.

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CLOSE ON BELUKOV, WORRIED FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND. THEN HE SMILES.

BELUKOV: Too bad it didn't work.

JUST AS HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER, THERE IS A SHOT. BELUKOV TAKES A BULLET IN THE CHEST. HE GRABS HIS CHEST, THEN SAGS TO THE FLOOR, DROPPING THE GUN. ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW NADIA IN THE DOORWAY. SOUND OF DOGS BARKING, BIRDS CHIRPING.

CALLAN: You scared the pets.

DISSOLVE TO:

54. INT. PUB. BEDROOM. DAY

HUNTER AND MERES. HUNTER FROWNS AT HIS WATCH.

HUNTER: Belukov's had plenty of time to get here.

MERES: He may be hanging about waiting for that van to go. (THEN) Looks like it's pushing off now, sir.

55. EXT. PET SHOP.DAY. (P.O.V)

THE UNIFORMED INSPECTOR COMES OUT WITH A CRATE WHEELS IT TO THE VAN. NADIA HELPS AS THE CRATE IS LOADED INTO THE VAN, THEN IT DRIVES OFF. SHE WALKS BACK INTO THE SHOP.

CUT TO:

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56. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY

NADIA COMES IN FROM THE SHOP AND GIVES LONELY A NOD. HE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS, WAITS.

LONELY: (INTO PHONE) Charlie? Your friend said to tell you it's time to step across the road.

CUT TO:

57. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

CLOSE ON HUNTER. IRATE.

HUNTER: What do you mean, Callan's gone?

PULL BACK TO SHOW LONELY, MERES IS IN THE B.G. KNEELING, EXAMINING A STAIN ON THE FLOOR.

MERES: Blood on the floor, sir.

HUNTER: Then he's done it.

LONELY: Bloke was shot, but he isn't dead.

HUNTER: What the hell's Callan playing at?

HUNTER MARCHES INTO THE BACKSHOP.

CUT TO:

58. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY

NADIA AND MARSHALL. HUNTER COMESIN, FOLLOWED BY MERES.

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HUNTER: (TO NADIA) You helped him get Belukov away from here.

NADIA: Yes.

HUNTER GOES OVER TO THE BED TO SPEAK TO MARSHALL.

HUNTER: You'd better get dressed.

MARSHALL: He's very brave, your Mr. Callan. If a little unorthodox.

HUNTER: I don't need a testimonial. Where is he?

AT THAT MOMENT THE PHONE RINGS. HUNTER LOOKS AT IT. NADIA ANSWERS. THEN HOLDS IT OUT TO HUNTER.

NADIA: For you.

HUNTER: (GRABS IT) Yes? ~~Callan, where are you?~~

INTERCUT WITH:

59. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY

CALLAN ON THE PHONE BY THE WINDOW. BELUKOV IS ON THE BED, IN A BAD WAY. HE IS SEMI CONSCIOUS AND BLOOD SEEPS FROM THE CHEST WOUND. CALLAN HAS HIS GUN IN HIS HAND.

CALLAN: I phoned to do a deal.

HUNTER: A deal?

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CALLAN: I'll finish the job when you put the Marshall's on a plane.

HUNTER: (REACTS) That's impossible.

CALLAN: Straight home. Now.

HUNTER: Look, Callan, this is -

CALLAN: (OVER) There's a plane at six-thirty. That gives you just over an hour to get them to London Airport. If they aren't abroad, Belukov goes back to the Embassy.

HE BANGS UP. GOES OVER TO LOOK AT BELUKOV. THEN GLANCES AT A CLOCK ON THE TABLE BESIDE THE PHONE. IT SAYS FIVE TWENTY.

CAMERA GOES IN CLOSE ON THE CLOCK.

SLOW MIX TO THE CLOCK NOW REGISTERING SIX THIRTY-FOUR. PULL BACK TO SHOW CALLAN STARING AT IT. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE BELUKOV.

BELUKOV: The Marshall's were taken to the airport?

CALLAN: I saw them leave the shop in a car.

THE PHONE RINGS. CALLAN GRABS IT. INTERCUT WITH LONELY IN PHONE BOOTH. AIRPORT NOISES IN B.G.

LONELY: They've gone, Mr. Callan. Plane took off ~~twenty~~ two minutes ago.

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CALLAN: Thanks, Lonely.

HE RINGS OFF. TURNS TO THE BED. LONG PAUSE.

BELUKOV: What are you waiting for?

CALLAN: Couldn't you have stayed unconscious?

BELUKOV: It would have been easier, wouldn't it.

CALLAN: It isn't all that hard, with a bastard like you.

BELUKOV: But still you can't pull the trigger.

BELUKOV IS DYING ALREADY. HE HAS GREAT DIFFICULTY IN TALKING. CALLAN HAS THE GUN NEAR HIS HEAD, AND HE'S SWEATING.

BELUKOV: You....can't leave me here, though. I'd just go into hospital with diplomatic immunity. (BEAT) If you were one of my people, Callan, I'd fire you. Lack the right steel....the real impulse. That girl I shot in Beirut. She needn't have died....

CALLAN: (HARSHLY) No....

BELUKOV: And...she wouldn't have, if you'd killed me when you had the chance earlier. But.....you weren't tough enough. You were soft then, just as weak as you are now....

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CALLAN: Go on. You're making it easier. (BEAT) Go on!

CLOSE ON CALLAN, WILLING HIMSELF TO PULL THE TRIGGER. HE CAN'T. THEN, SLOWLY HE LOWERS THE GUN. ANGLE WIDENS TO SHOW BELUKOV. HE IS DEAD. CALLAN SAGS FOR A MOMENT. HE TAKES A BLANKET, WIPES HIS FOREHEAD WITH A CORNER OF IT, THEN THROWS IT OVER BELUKOV.

HE WALKS OUT.

FADE OUT

THE END

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NICE PEOPLE DIE AT HOME - RE-TAKES

PRODUCTION NUMBER: 1907
VTR NUMBER: ABC/6877X

DIRECTOR.....Peter Duguid
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT...Paddy Dewey
FLOOR MANAGER.....Harry Lock
STAGE MANAGER.....Billy Jay
TECHNICAL SUPERVISOR...Del Randell
LIGHTING SUPERVISOR....H. Richards
SENIOR CAMERAMAN.....Dave Hughes
SOUND SUPERVISOR.....Peter Samson
VISION MIXER.....Peter Howell
RACKS.....Bill Marley
GRAMS.....Tony Dare
PRODUCER.....Reginald Collin
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER.....John Kershaw
DESIGNER.....Norman Garwood
WARDROBE SUPERVISOR....Jill Silverside
MAKE-UP SUPERVISOR.....Launa Bradish

REHEARSALS: Wednesday 26th, Thursday 27th, Friday 28th June 1968 From 2:45pm. Rehearsal room 2A, Teddington

PLAY-BACK OF ORIGINAL RECORDING: Thursday 27th June, 3:00pm Room 13, Production block, Teddington.

CAMERA REHEARSAL AND VTR: Wednesday 3rd July 1968, 1345-1900 Studio 2, Teddington.

DURATION OF INSERTS: Approx 6'30" (six scenes and closing credits)

SCHEDULE:

Camera Rehearsal	1345-1530
Tea Break, notes, line-up and Make-up	1530-1630
Dress Rehearsal	1630-1730
Line-up	1730-1800
VTR	1800-1900
Technical Clear	1900-1915
Supper Break	1915-2015

Re-takes involved: Callan, Hunter, Meres, Ross, Hunter's secretary.

TECHNICAL REQUIREMENTS:

Three peds with normal lenses; normal monitors & bank of three on Hunter's office; 2 booms; intercom link in to secretary o/s; grams and tape; caption scanner; VTR clock; 2 VTR machines, one recording in the other feeding in copy of original recording.

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NICE PEOPLE DIE AT HOME

by Robert Banks Stewart

PRODUCTION NUMBER: 1907
VTR NUMBER: ABC/6877
VTR DATE: 12/7/67
STUDIO: Teddington 2,3
TIMING: 46'45"
TX: t.b.a.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER..Lloyd Shirley
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER..Terence Feely
DESIGNER.....Peter Le Page
DIRECTOR.....Peter Duguid

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....Mary Ellis
FLOOR MANAGER.....Denver Thornton
STAGE MANAGER.....Daphne Lucas
WARDROBE SUPERVISOR.....Jill Silverside
MAKE-UP SUPERVISOR.....Joan Watson
CALL BOY.....Peter Ellis

TECHNICAL SUPERVISOR.....Peter Cazaly
LIGHTING SUPERVISOR.....Ken Brown
SOUND SUPERVISOR.....Peter Samson
SENIOR CAMERAMAN.....Mike Baldock
SENIOR RACKS.....Bill Marley
VISION MIXER.....Del Randell
GRAMS OPERATOR.....Tony Dare

SCHEDULE:-

Tuesday 11th July :	Camera Rehearsal	1039-1230
	Lunch Break	1230-1330
	Camera Rehearsal	1330-1745
	Turn Round to St.3	1745-1800
	Supper Break	1800-1900
	Make-up/Line-up	1900-1930
	Camera Rehearsal & VTR inserts	1930-2100
Wednesday 12th July :	Camera Rehearsal	1000-1245
	Lunch Break	1245-1345
	Line-up/make-up	1345-1430
	Dress Rehearsal	1430-1615
	Tea Break	1615-1630
	Line-up	1630-1700
	VTR	1700-1900
	Technical Clear	1900-1915
	Supper Break	1915-2015

Pre-VTR: Tuesday 3 cameras Studio 3
1 camera Studio 2

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